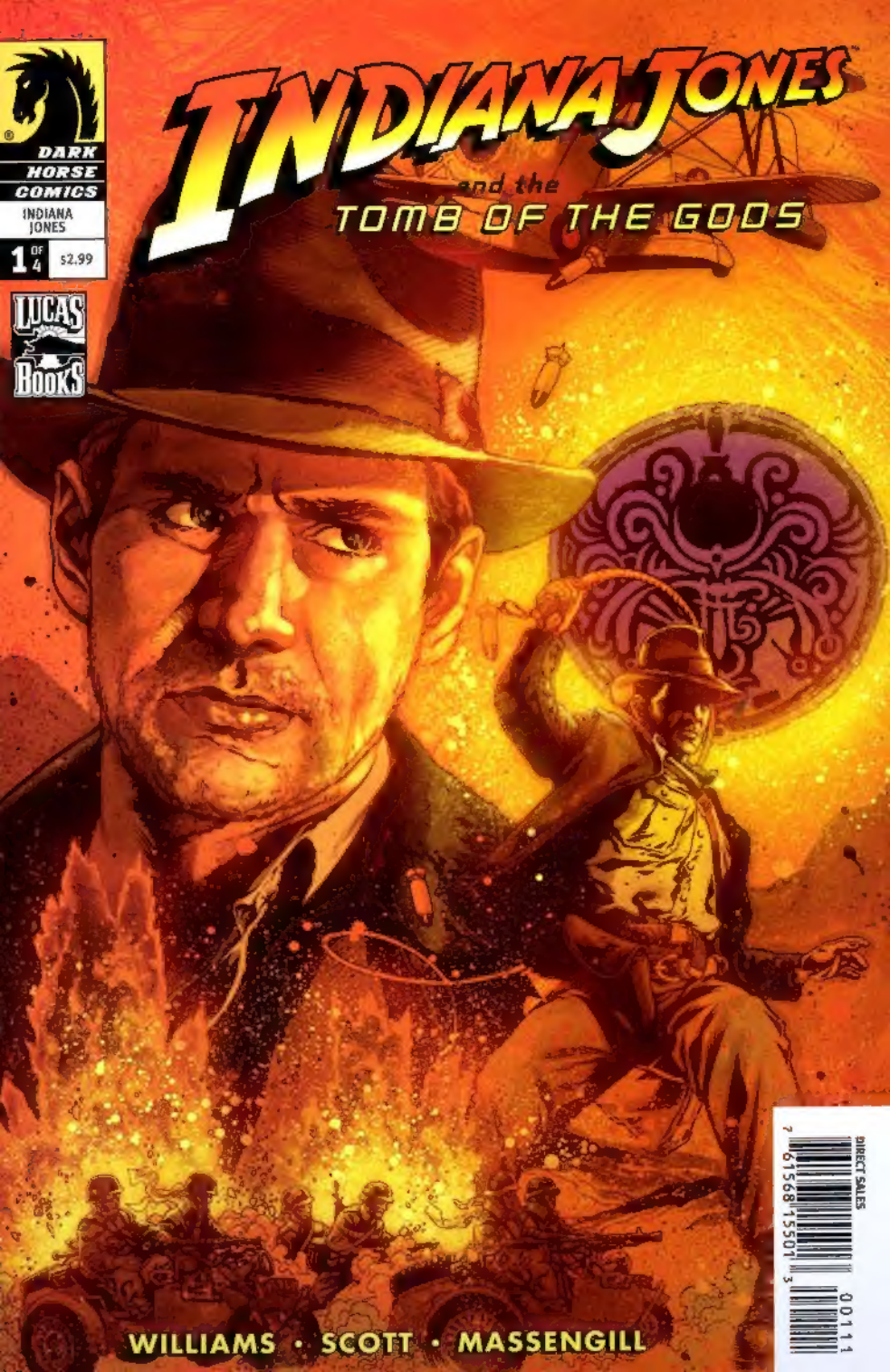
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1 OF 4
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and the
TOMB OF THE GODS
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and the TOMB OF THE GODS

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AUG 26, 1932

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PRINTED IN CANADA

SIBERIA, 1931.
NORTH OF THE CITY OF NORILSK.
MY GOD.
WE MUST LEAVE, NOW. IF WE ARE DISCOVERED...
YOU'VE BEEN PAID ENOUGH FOR THIS. YOU CAN WAIT ANOTHER COUPLE OF MINUTES.
YOUR MONEY WILL NOT COMPENSATE FOR WHAT WILL BE DONE TO ME IF WE ARE FOUND, I ASSURE YOU, MR. MELLBERG.
STALIN VALUES HIS DIAMOND MINES.
IF WE'RE CORRECT, OLD BOY, THERE'S FAR MORE VALUE HERE THAN DIAMONDS.
HURRY UP, FRANCIS, THE GODDAMN THING'S HEAVIER THAN HELL!
THE WEIGHT OF GRAVITAS, EH, O'BRIEN?
GENTLEMEN, I BELIEVE WE HAVE JUST MADE HISTORY!

HE IS NOT ARMED.
RESTRAIN HIM.
HEY...GET YOUR HANDS-- HEY!!
TELL ME WHO YOU ARE AND WHY YOU ARE HERE.
QUICKLY, BEFORE I ASK THEM TO HURT YOU.
I'M...
I'M A COLLEGE PROFESSOR.
WRONG ANSWER.

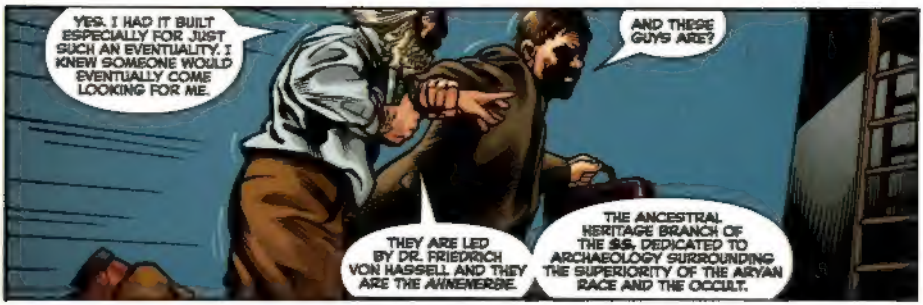
NEW YORK, 1936.
WHERE IS HENRIK MELLBERG, MISTER--
DOCTOR JONES.
I DON'T KNOW.
THEN WHY ARE YOU IN HIS HOME?
WHY DO YOU HAVE A KEY ALLOWING YOU TO ENTER WHENEVER YOU PLEASE?
OW.
I'VE NEVER MET MELLBERG. I RECEIVED A LETTER WITH A KEY ATTACHED ASKING ME TO MEET HIM HERE ON A MATTER OF THE "UTMOST IMPORTANCE."
IF YOU'RE AWARE OF WHAT THAT IS, YOU KNOW MORE THAN I DO.
YEES, I'M SURE I DO.
BUT LET'S FIND OUT, JUST IN CASE...
OUR MUTUAL FRIEND IS OBVIOUSLY A SLAVE TO KNOWLEDGE, DR. JONES.
THIS APARTMENT IS FILLED WITH RARE BOOKS, ANCIENT PIECES. IT IS A HYMN TO THE PAST...
...WITH JUST ONE GLORIOUS, DEADLY EXAMPLE OF THE PRESENT.
THIS IS A KING COBRA, DR. JONES. THE WORLD'S LARGEST VENOMOUS SNAKE.
IT IS UNLIKE THE REST OF ITS SPECIES IN ONE IMPORTANT ASPECT. IT MAINLY EATS OTHER SNAKES.
LESS SNAKES. I CAN LIVE WITH THAT.
PERHAPS MELLBERG KEEPS IT AS A SYMBOL OF HISTORY'S TRUE NATURE? THE STRONGEST SURVIVING OFF THE MEAT OF THE WEAK.

YOU'RE A LOAD OF FUN AT PARTIES, I CAN TELL.
WHERE IS HENRIK MELLBERG, DR. JONES? WHERE IS HIS PIECE OF THE KEY?
I STRONGLY SUGGEST YOU TELL ME NOW.
CLICK
UH...
HOUSEKEEPING?
WE ARE BUSY NOW, PRACTICING FOR PLAY. BERTOLT BRECHT. VERY GOOD. VERY PHYSICAL. YOU COME BACK LATER.
NICE SNAKEY. NICE.
AAAAHHHH!

STOP HIM!
THWACK!!
YOU CERTAINLY HIT LIKE A COLLEGE PROFESSOR.
UH...
CRACK!
UMM...
I MIGHT NEED AN EXPLANATION HERE.
IT IS A FALSE WALL...
...FOR FALSE KNOWLEDGE.

AND IT HIDES A GREAT SECRET.
DR. JONES, I AM HENRIK MELLBERG.
THIS...
WHAT PERIOD IS THIS FROM?
I DON'T...
WHAT IS THIS?
THE BEGINNING.
AND THE END.

I LOVE A POSITIVE ATTITUDE.
C'MON.
THIS CORRIDOR GO ANYWHERE?


YES. I HAD IT BUILT ESPECIALLY FOR JUST SUCH AN EVENTUALITY. I KNEW SOMEONE WOULD EVENTUALLY COME LOOKING FOR ME.
AND THESE GUYS ARE?
THEY ARE LED BY DR. FRIEDRICH VON HASSELL AND THEY ARE THE AHNENERBE.
THE ANCESTRAL HERITAGE BRANCH OF THE SS, DEDICATED TO ARCHAEOLOGY SURROUNDING THE SUPERIORITY OF THE ARYAN RACE AND THE OCCULT.

IF THEY ARE HERE I CAN ONLY ASSUME THAT THEY ALREADY HAVE MARWELL O'BRIEN'S THIRD OF THE KEY.
I HAVE NO IDEA WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT. BUT, YOU CAN TELL ME ALL ABOUT IT ONCE WE'VE SHAKEN THEM...

...OFF.
UH...
I KNOW! I SHOULDN'T -- CONSIDERING MY LINE OF WORK...

...BUT I REALLY HATE SECRET PASSAGEWAYS.
THEY NEVER LEAD ANYWHERE GOOD.

MANHATTAN. THE ARCHITECTURAL PINNACLE OF WESTERN SOCIETY'S DEVELOPMENT DR. JONES, IN MANY WAYS, THIS IS THE VERY REASON I CONTACTED YOU.
ALL THIS COULD BE SWEPT AWAY.
NOW'S PROBABLY NOT THE BEST TIME.
I HOPE YOU'VE GOT A HEAD FOR HEIGHTS, HENRIK.
DR. JONES, THERE ARE THREE PIECES OF THIS ARTIFACT THEY MUST NOT GAIN THEM ALL.
I HAD NOT HEARD FROM MAXWELL O'BRIEN AND FEARED THAT THE AHNENERBE HAD HIS PIECE AND WERE COMING FOR ME. I WROTE TO YOU AS A LAST RESORT
I HAVE READ OF YOUR WORK. I THOUGHT THAT YOU
OOF.
HISTORY AND ANTIQUARIANISM ARE OUR VERY ESSENCE, DR. JONES.
ACADEMIA AND ARCHAEOLOGY OUR LIFEBLOOD.
YEAH, YOU'RE RIGHT

I'M A BOOKWORM.

(IF WE FIRE AND THEY FALL, WE LOSE THE KEY WHAT DO WE DO?)*
*TRANSLATED FROM GERMAN
BANG!
(WE ENSURE THAT OUR AIM IS EXACT.)
AH!
(GO BACK, HEAD DOWN SEVERAL FLOORS AND FIND A WAY ACROSS INTO THE OTHER TOWER TO GET THEM ON THE OTHER SIDE.)
(YES, SIR.)
(ALL THAT MATTERS IS THE KEY, GENTLEMEN.*)

AH!
HANG ON!
LISTEN TO ME, DR. JONES.
YOU'RE SLIPPING, HENRIK.
IT'S IMPERATIVE THAT YOU LISTEN TO ME.
THEY MUST NOT HAVE IT! DO YOU UNDERSTAND?!
WE EACH TOOK ONE SECTION FOR SAFETY IF THEY HAVE O'BRIEN'S, THEY STILL NEED MY PIECE AND BEREGFORD-HOPE'S. HE HID HIS SECTION IN TIBET
THEY NEED ALL THREE PIECES TO OPEN IT
OPEN WHA*?
OPEN WHAT, HENRIK?!

IN YOUR EYES, I CAN SEE IT. THE DESIRE. THE SAME DESIRE THAT WE HAD.
BEWARE, DR. JONES...
SOME MYSTERIES ARE BEST LEFT UNDISCOVERED

OKAY, HENRIK.
YOU'VE GOT ME.
GET IN! GET IN!
<THE ELEVATOR!>
<HE'S HEADING FOR THE ELEVATOR!>
BANG!
BANG!

UH, I GUESS YOU'RE WONDERING~
I LIKE THE WHIP.
IT'S FOR ARCHAEOLOGICAL PURPOSES.
REALLY
YEAH?
SO'S THIS.
YOU'RE WITH THEM?
I'M WITH MYSELF.
NOW, WHY DON'T YOU HAND ME MELLBERG'S THIRD OF THE KEY.

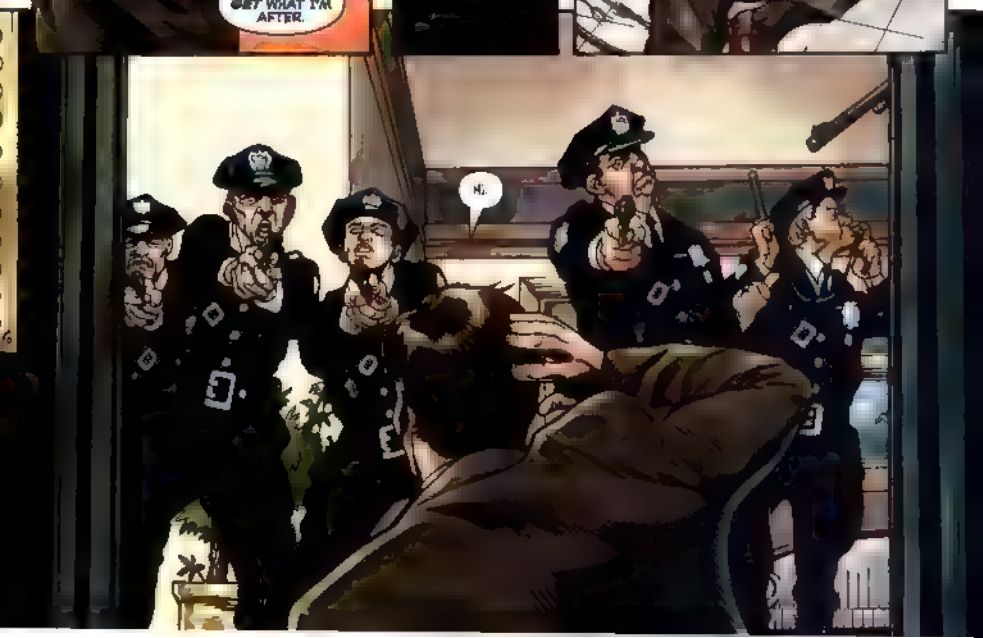
GOOD CHOICE, PROFESSOR JONES.
IT'S DOCTOR JONES, ACTUALLY
YEAH? THEN WHY DON'T YOU SHOW ME YOUR STETHOSCOPE?
TURN AROUND. HANDS ON YOUR HEAD.

AND YOU ARE?
A SEEKER OF ARTIFACTS, JUST LIKE YOU.
WITH ONE SMALL DIFFERENCE
WHAT WOULD THAT BE?

I ACTUALLY GET WHAT I'M AFTER.

SLEEP TIGHT, PROFESSOR.

UHH...


HI.

I'M VERY RELIEVED THAT THEY BELIEVED YOU AND RELEASED YOU SO QUICKLY.
THAT'S NICE TO HEAR.
I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE IT, MARCUS. THE MARKINGS. UNKNOWN HIEROGLYPHICS. AND IT WAS OLD. OLDER THAN [redacted] I KNOW.
ARCHAEOLOGY POSTS CAN BE A DEVIL TO FILL, YOU KNOW.
PALEOLITHIC.
NO.
IT SEEMED OLDER, MARCUS.
OH, COME NOW, INDY...
I KNOW WHAT I'M SAYING...
IT WAS OLDER.
IT LOOKED LIKE ONE-THIRD OF A CIRCULAR OBJECT. YOU PUT THE THREE PARTS TOGETHER, IT MAKES A KEY AND IT OPENS... SOMETHING.
AND IF THE GIRL WAS WORKING FOR THE NAZIS, THEY HAVE TWO PARTS...
THEY ONLY NEED BERESFORD-HOPE'S SECTION. THAT'S WHAT MELLBERG SAID
MEL...BERG WROTE TO MR. MARCUS. HE KNEW THAT THIS WOULD BE PERFECT FOR MY PARTICULAR SKILLS.
AND HE LET GO AND FELL *AFTER* HE'D PASSED THE BATON.
I'VE *GOT* TO GO AFTER IT

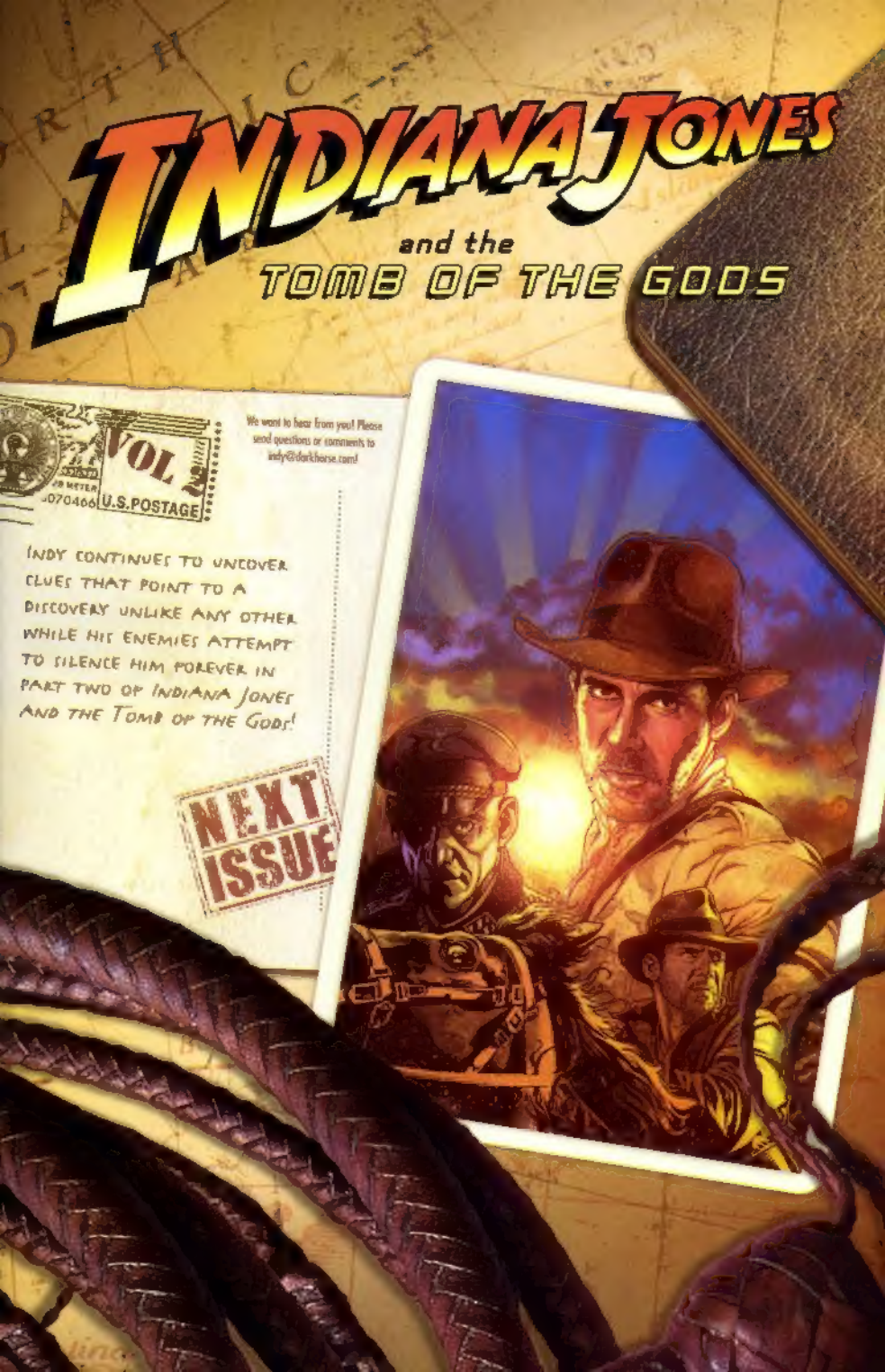
I KNEW FRANCIS BERESFORD-HOPE BACK IN OXFORD.
SIR FRANCIS NOW, I BELIEVE.
IT'LL BE GOOD TO SEE HIM AGAIN.
UHH, I DON'T KNOW, MARCUS. THIS COULD GET A LITTLE DANGEROUS.
AND IT GETS VERY COLD IN TIBET
"COME NOW, INDY, A LITTLE FIELD TRIP?
MONGOLIA
KOREA
JAPAN
NORTH PACIFIC
CHINA
TIBET
NEPAL
INDIA
"IT'LL BE FUN."
OB1

TIBET.
SNUFF
SNUFF
YOU OKAY?
WHEN, EXACTLY, DID TIBET TURN INTO A TROPICAL CLIMATE? YOU SAID IT GETS COLD IN TIBET
IT DOES. THEY GET SUNNY DAYS TOO, THOUGH.
FIRST RULE OF TRAVELING, MARCUS..
..YOU GOTTA DRESS RIGHT
HMMPH... YES...
YOU'RE QUITE THE CLOTHESHORSE, INDIANA.
YOU'LL SWEAT LESS IF YOU STOP TALKING

THE GUY I PAID IN LHASA SAID THIS IS WHERE THE CRAZY ENGLISHMAN LIVES. HE HEADS INTO THE CITY TO BUY AMMO, YAK MEAT, AND LOTS OF CHANG, THE LOCAL BEER.
THE DIET OF CHAMPIONS.
DOESN'T REALLY LOOK LIKE THE HOME OF AN ENGLISH ARISTOCRAT
OR SMELL LIKE ONE
HOLD ON A SECOND.

THE MAP?
The key opens what
MY GOD...
I KNEW BERESFORD-HOPE. HE LIKED A DRINK, YES, BUT HE WAS PERFECTLY SANE.
THIS, HOWEVER...
...IS THE WORK OF A MADMAN.
FWUMM
I APOLOGIZE FOR THE MADMAN COMMENT...
I CAN SEE THAT IT MAY HAVE CAUSED OFFENSE.
BOOOOOM!!
TO BE CONTINUED!

INDIANA JONES
and the TOMB OF THE GODS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U.S.POSTAGE
We want to hear from you! Please send questions or comments to indy@darkhorse.com!
INDY CONTINUES TO UNCOVER CLUES THAT POINT TO A DISCOVERY UNLIKE ANY OTHER WHILE HIS ENEMIES ATTEMPT TO SILENCE HIM FOREVER IN PART TWO OF INDIANA JONES AND THE TOMB OF THE GODS!
NEXT ISSUE

DISCOVER DISCOVER DARK HORSE HORSEPOWER

JUNE 2008

LEFT TO RIGHT - *DIRK WOOD*, *SEAN STERLING*, *MATT HOLMBO*, AND *JONATHAN RAYMOND* GLEEFULLY AVOID THE REALITIES OF THE REAGAN ERA.

I went to my first comic-book convention in 1981, at the Masonic Temple in Portland, Oregon. I couldn't have known it then, but it was an event that would alter the course of my life, or at least my eventual choice of occupation. I had no idea what to expect, but when I walked in, my mind melted. It was as if someone had super-sized my beloved comic-book shop. An ocean of long boxes, the musty odor of my preteen dreams . . . I couldn't believe it. You might say my emotional development halted right there. (However, I've carried it with me since, neatly preserved in a Mylar snug.)

A few years, a lot of miles, and a ton of comics later, and I have the privilege of representing Dark Horse at comics conventions, book fairs, and trade shows all over the world. To say I enjoy that aspect of my job would be a bit like saying Frank Miller has passing admiration for Will Eisner. Working the shows is a bit like being on the frontlines of the industry. There are few things I enjoy more than rubbing elbows with our press contacts at New York Comic-Con, chatting with our international publishing partners at the Frankfurt Buchmesse (loose translation: Book Mess), or most importantly, getting feedback from our fans anywhere from San Diego Comic-Con International to Wizard World Chicago. After all, that's what most of us still *are* in the comic business—fans.

Some things have changed since 1981. While "conventioneering" is still probably the best way to fill that pesky hole in your collection, these events are no longer simply seas of long boxes; they're pop-culture bonanzas, cinematic and interactive explosions. There's something for everyone. Games are your thing? Check. Want to see sneak previews from the latest Hollywood movie? Get in line. Want to buy toys unavailable anywhere else? You got 'em. Looking for Lou Ferrigno? There he is.

Sure, conventions have become giant media-driven behemoths; yet there's a spirit of togetherness that remains from the early days that can't be killed by exposure. What I love most about this business is that everyone's invited. No matter what's happening in your life, no matter how young or old you are, no matter how much money you make, you can pick up a copy of *The Goon* or *Blade of the Immortal* and be taken away. There is no test for being a fan; you just sign up. Nowhere is this more on display than a comic show. When I see a *Star Wars* fan talking to a *Star Wars* artist, and they both have the same excitement in their eyes, that's a beautiful thing.

As I write this, we're hitting the ground running on our World Tour 2008. Maybe I've already seen you at Toy Fair, or at the *Hellboy II* cast signing in our booth in New York, or even at London Book Fair. If not, I hope to see you in our booth in San Diego, or Chicago, or . . . Well, you never know where we're going to show up, but you can bet we'll have great creators there, fantastic giveaways, and a staff full of fans, just like you.

Sometimes my life feels like an endless series of hotel rooms, Sharpies, pallets, boxes, and shrink-wrap. Then the doors to the show open, fans rush in, and I'm back in the Masonic Temple, age 11, with my buddy Sterling; smelling the dusty past, and seeing my future.

See you on the circuit,

—Dirk Wood
Director of Marketing

DARK HORSE HEROES

Art Director **Lia Ribacchi** celebrates ten years with Dark Horse this month! Her greatest extravagance—a recent seven-day immersion in Intuitive Feng Shui® training, where she discovered her most treasured possessions: her keen intellect, a romantic heart, and the newly discovered knowledge that the universe loves her (*thank you, Intuitive Feng Shui® training!*).

Robert E. Howard expert **Mark Finn** loves Austin, Texas. He also loves his job as part owner and operator of a movie theater in a small Texas town. His favorite heroes of fiction (who can choose just one?) are Harry Flashman, Sailor Steve Costigan, and Philip Marlowe.

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